

Douchka

"Sailor's Arms"

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I met her at the Sailor's Arms, a bar down by the docks
Full of prostitutes and deviants and fellas wearing
frocks
Went there to drown my sorrow, my misery and pain
With fourteen multicoloured pills and a pint of heavy
ale
(Heavy ale)

And I saw this girl across the way who was smiling
through the wine
So I begged her, "Come on over, come on over, spend
some time."
And I spilled my life before her and she seemed to
understand
Although she was a girl, we were talking man-to-man
(Man-to-man)

For love is where you find it, wherever that may be
For me it was in the Sailor's Arms at twenty-five past
three
There's something strange about her I can't put my
finger on
But I wanna tell the world that she's the one
(She's the one)
I wanna tell the world that she's the one

She strolled up to the toilets, she strolled into the
Gents'
I asked her why she did it, why she'd gone to pay the
rent
We arm-wrestled and I lost, she beat me with a spike
Told me seedy jokes that were quite unlady-like
(Lady-like)

It was four in the morning and through the smoky haze
I could've been mistaken but she needed to shave
(To shave)

For love is where you find it wherever that may be
For me it was in the Sailor's Arms with a better man
than me

Her husky voice seduced me, my heart was in a mess
I sat upon her knee as something twitched beneath her
dress
There's something more than knees beneath her dress

"You've got nice eyes," says I
("Oh Sir, I am surprised!")
"What large hands," I said
("All the better to touch you with."
"God, you arms look strong."
("A woman's work is never done.")
"Your legs are quite hirsuite."
("Aren't you the saucy one!")

I was feeling less than stable when she said her name
was Ken
(Ken)
Well if I had suspicions, Lord, I should've had 'em then
(Then)
She cried as she told me how she was so confused
One more visit to the doctor, she'd have nothing left to
lose
(Toulouse-Lautrec)
I ran my fingers through her wig, she lightly stroked my
hair
She said she was a man
(Whoa, whoa! She said she was a man? A man called
Ken? Bull-twang!)
Lots of men are called Ken.
(So what did you say, Paul?)
I told her I don't care
(He doesn't care!)

For love is where you find it, wherever that may be
For me it was in a hopper bin with my trousers 'round
my knees
There's something strange about her I just put my
finger on
And I want to tell the world that she's the one
(He's the one)
I want to tell the world that it's the one

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